Death of How. Horace & Page



TWENTIETH YEAR.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1890-SIXTEEN PAGES.

THE PROPHET OF REALISM.

A Telightful Interview With M. Emile Zola, the French Novelist.

HIS OPINION OF "KREUTZER SONATA."

Harry Overton Puts a Quietus to William Reader at the Ormonde Club in One of the Gamiest Contests on Record.

[Copurighted 1890 by James Gordon Bennett.] Panis, August 22 .- | New York Herald Cable Special to THE BEE. |- M. Emile Zola is spending the summer at Meudon, in the department of the Scine et Oise, where yesterday a Herald correspondent met him striding at the rate of four miles an hour along a rough path that follows the winding of the Seine. The prophet of realism in literature was taking one of his long afternoon marches, by which he counts upon keeping his avoirdupols down to the point to which a year ago he reduced it by severely applying to himself the treatment prescribed by D. Schweininger for Prince Bianarck, "Fair weather or foul," said M. Zoln, "I leave home after luncheon and tramp along as you saw me doing just now until nearly dinner time. I am immensely benefited by it."

And indeed the speaker looked the picture of robust health, and although the Paris register can show that M. Zola first saw the light in 1840, his age might be guessed at anything between thirty and forty. He is no longer the Zola that the world knows by photographs now very much out of date, for the flesh of which he had once a superabundance, as nine photographs out of ten testify, has vanished into thin air. As we walked along I told M. Zola the motive of my visit to Meudon was a desire to give to the world tarough the Herald the views he entertained upon the Kreutzer Sonata, and the theories regarding love and wedlock which Count Telstei has expressed therein.

"Indeed," and M. Zola tucked underneath his arm the grip he was carrying to gleefully rub his hands, while underneath the broad brim of his brown straw hat, his deep set eyes twinkled with a merry thought which found expression thus: "Now I wonder what M. de Vogue thinks of it! You know he invented Tolstoi, in so far as France is concerned, translated his works, wrete him up in the magazines, proclaimed him one genius of the age, andbut of course you know all that. Then imagine if you can what unutterable things M. DeVogue must tell about the Kreutzer Sonata. I fancy he must have trembled many a time before for his idel, and it would really be interesting to know his opinion now; but I must begin from the beginning.

"In the sixties a number of us-young mer then and our hopes soured the highest-used to go every Sunday evening to Flaubert's Alphonse Daudet and Tourguenieff were of us, and one day the latter brought us a copy of Tolstoi's Crime et Chatiment, which had just been published in French, and told us he wanted us to read it, as he considered it one of the great works of the century. Indeed, poor Tourguenieff believed Toistol to be the greatest of Russian writers, himself not excepted. That was my first acquaintance with Tolstoi. Then as now I thought him a writer of vast powers, sublime conceptions, striking originality-in a word, a genius-but with those who were trying to force Tolstoi and nothing but Tolstoi down the throats of the reading public of France I had no sympathy. Tolstoi was merely a card in their handsa card to be played against us-we were pariabs who must be stamped out of literary existence at any cost. The Marquis de Vogue thought that Totstoi was a Nasmyth hammer with which to crush us. Untaught by the experience which had be fallen M. Scherer, M. de Brantiere and others, who had some years before tried the same tactics with George Eliot, neither the English nor the Russian novelists were fitted for the role they were made to play. I cannot conceive anything more diametrically opposed to the French character and French tastes and French faculty for understanding even than George Eliot. The protestantism with which her writings is imbued is utterly antagonistic to the mysticism of the Latin mind, and furthermore, George Eliot is not one of those geniuses who compel. Had the Temps et Revue des Deux Mondes started their campaign against us with Thackeray or Dickens as their big gun, I could have understood it-but George Eliot. Now they have taken your American, Marion Crawford, in hand, and heaven only knows whom

they will fall back upon next. "The Tolstoi campaign was the severest of all we have had to go through. The Marquis de Vogue and all the influence of the acad emy, the Revue des Deux Mondes and spiritualistic school were arrayed against us, I have no need to tell you how Tolstoi was boomed. M. de Vogue wrote about him in that charming style of his; reviews and newspapers like the Temps sang his praises and placed him aloft on a pinnacle to which a writer of the French realistic school could not aspire. The Russian was a prophet of a new literary religion, a genius who had marked in his working the first impulses of a great intellectual movement, a towering mountain whose subtime heights had caught the first beams of the rising sun, which was a little later to flood the universe with its solendor. Now the facts of the case were altogether different. Instead of being a creative genius, Count Tolstoi

a receptive mind. was merely which had been impressed by the truth-the realism if you like-of our writings. He had followed our lead; he is a Russian disciple of the French school, which saw the light in the days of 1848-then, you will remember, began the great movement of the Christian democracy. Our writers and our orators claimed Christ as their brother, described Him as the prototype of the Christian democrat, who was the equal of all men and less than none found in the gospel, the basis of the social structures for which the world had been sighing for centuries. This Christian democracy was which lasted but for term a day in France, but which Telstoi continued in Russia. His ideas were those of the orators of the Paris clubs of 1848, his theories Thiers' and his deductions likewise, with only this difference that they were transmogrified by their transplantation to a foreign soil. They entered Tolstoi's mind as French ideas in French dress and were turned out by him in Slavonic garb. I do not deny that in a sense Tolstol made them his own, for I am perfectly willing to acknowledge his great powers, but originally the ideas attributed to him were French. Here is an illustration of what I mean-we have here a vin du pays; we send some of that wine to another country, where some subtle essence is introduced into it and it comes back to us with a new flavor-another wine, vin falsifie, but you

cannot deny the fact that the wine was

having taken our ideas and given to tinted beams on the mosaic marble floor and them characteristics of his foundry and his the suits of quaint armor and trophies of individuality. He belongs to the twelfth curious weapons gathered from the four rather than the sincteenth century. He is a quarters of the globe; and equally reprecompound of a monk of the middle ages and a sentative of all climes and all times modern Slav, with the mysticism of the one | were the musical instruments arranged on the and the romanticism of the other.

The logical deduction from his doctrines is that the world should be lived back seven centuries. There is one of talking nonsense about the "rosy other fact which I cannot understand-how M. as Vogue came to be ignored when he undertoek to make Russian writers popular in France. This is the gulf which separates the Latin from the Slav. They have scarcely one characteristic in common. The Latin is artistic, his eye looks for delicacy in each part and for symmetry of the whole. The Slav, on the other hand, takes his material and heaps them one on top of the other almost pell mell, careless how each block stands provided he succeeds building the structure he has clanned, Hence Stavonic bears to Latin literature the same relation as a great temple of rough hewn granite has to an elegant structure, of which every separate part, every stone has been examined in detail as well as in the relation it will have to the whole." From Count Teistor's writings

in general, M. Zola turned to the particular

work regarding which I had asked his

"The Kreutzer Senatals a nightmare," be said, "born of a diseased imagination. Since reading it I have not the slightest doubt that its author is cracked Qu'il y a use petite felure dans sa tete. The theory developed in this book is antinatural. Lamour, Qu'est ce que cest que ca? Here is a man. There is a woman. is nature's ordinance that they should seek one another, and you can no mere hope to keep them apart by theorizing and philosophising than you can hope to keep the wind from blowing or the tide from rising, or the trees from budding in the spring time, and what is the use of theorizing or philosophizing on an act which admits of neither and which you are as powerless to step as you are to stay the rush locomotive by throwing yourself in its path. Telstoi has tried to stop the locomotive and he lies crushed and the engine dashes along and will continue to dash along to the end of time. I have said before that Telstoi had the characteristics of a mediæval menk and he has, as it were, shut himself up in a cloister when he gazes upon what the outside world is doing with loathing. But there is nothing repalsive in any one act of nature more than another. 'It is animal,' the world cries, but we are animals and why not acknowledge it! Why seek to drive ourselves! Why make a ridiculous pretension to be higher and better and more spiritual than we are? Why set up an image which we would fain call an ideal man, but which we know in our heart is no man at all ! We have the reality, why should we stultify ourselves by pre-

tending to worship a sham! "As for Telstel's ideas upon marriage, they are equally anti-natural with his theories upon love. Wedlock is a contract. I do not intend to discuss it except so far as it relates to our subject. Telstoi has taken a particular case and from it argued to the general. His husband and wife have no ideas, no sympathies, no tastes in common-the one has no car for music, the other adores music-and it is not in the least surprising that she should fall in love with a tenor. A similar thing, I have no doubt, happens every day. But Tolstoi argues that it happens always There his logic and observation are both at fault. Given a male, sound in body and mind, and a female, likewise sound in body and mind, and their union will be happy. But given a bodily or mental defect in either, their life together will not be happy. The man seeks the woman If she be not what we may assume he had the right to expect he will brood over his deception-perchance not willingly-but the workings of his mind will continue until one day it lies open before him, and then comes his instinct to kill. So it is with the woman who goes to the man and finds him unsound To find a man of vast intelligence, broad conceptions and sublime genius like seeking introduce

dissonant chord into the harmony of nature, leaves me with but one judgment to pass upon his Kreutzer Sonata-that the book is a work of an imagination which has become diseased. In many respects, however, it is a sign of the times, a sympton of sickness. This sickness is a continual craving and undefined longing, a feeling that something is wanting to our repletion, but what that something is not even those who are the most conscious of the void can determine. The promise held forth by the beginning of the century has been be lied. I do not say this in respect to science, for science has achieved great and glorious things, but even to the great the stages of its onward march are insufficient to content us

"Humanity wants that which science can ot give. It cries in anguish for somethin human, something which appeals to its human instincts, its loves and fears, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and its despair, its im pulses and its passions. The clubs of 1848 were one outcome of this universal longing for an indefinite blessing, socialism is another and yet another of a totally different character is literature, the decadencism and parnassianism of today. I could multipl examples, but none could be more stringen than the Kreutzer Sonata. That book is the cry of the nation, of the heart of the nation against the head, whose cold reasonings an not in sympathy with its human instincts and impulses. He whose bur den is heavy calls for it to be lightened he who is in sorrow craves for sympathy, t whose horizon is bounded by the annihilation of the temb strains his eyes to look beyond the political and social reorganization demanded by the men of 1848, and their successors would not supply the remedy for the world's ailment; nor do I think that the decadents and Parnassians have discovered it in the sonorous roll of sentences which mean nothing. No, it seems as if the world had lived too long and will be forced to retrograde to the middle ages with their mysticism which was religion and their Catholicism

which was more than a religion, being part and parcel of their existence." Long before M. Zola had arrived at this stage of our conversation we had reached the ornate village where he resides, Mendon, and passed into the drawing room through a large open window, out or which the eye traveled over an extensive garden, well kept and bright with flowers, down to where the sheen of the Seine could be seen at intervals between the alders fringing its banks. No fewer than three men were at work in the garden, a fact which, combined with the observation of quite an army of servants on my entrance, of a coach house and stables to the rear, of the appearance of the house generally and of the room in which we were seated particularly, would have made a comparison between this Mendon villa and the proverbial 'garrett' in Grub street very invidious. The room merits a word of description. High up in the west wall furthest from the Scine was a large window of stained glass, through they had which the sun, then setting, poured variously its body. was a large window of stained glass, through originally ours.

Thus Tolstoi has only the merit of

walls. There were pipes on which Pacr his might have played, the lute with which Romeo might have serenaded Juliet instead morn's and the blush on damask cheeks. There were Spanisu custanets and mandolins, flutes, clarionets,

violins and every sort of instrument from

which sound can be extracted, down to the

cottage plane standing by a window.

On several tables and cabinets were bric-a brac, not of the kind one often sees in drawrooms and made by the thousands the genuine article. This drawroom also a billiard room, for one of those necessaries of country life stood under the stained glass window. I asked M. Zola if, like MM. Ludonic, Habov and Meilhac, he was anything of a cueist. "Anything but that," was his reply. "I got the billiard table for my friends I can't play myself. I am too nervous and for some reason I am an execrable shot. I should do a little shooting if I could manage to hit something now and again so as to relieve the monotony of missing." In reply to further inquiries M. Zola told me that he worked every morning on a volume which is to continue the "Rougow Macquart" series and which is to portray financial life. In accordance with his custom he got all his material ready and classified, and his plot planned out even to minute de tails before writing out a single line of copy. Despite this his work is giving him a great leaf of trouble, and although one-third is finished he does not expect to complete it before the end of the year. "After that," he continued, "I have only two books to write to complete my Rongow series. Then I can consider my works done, and I shall be content to stand or fall by it in the judgment of those who come after me. No, I have not a really decided preference for any one of my works, although generally speaking I might say I set the highest value on 'L' Assommoir' and 'L'Oeuvre.' My next book after 'L'Argent' will be a kind of extension of 'L'Ocuvre,' and after that I shall write a volume, resuming, as it were, the whole of the series, and perhaps giving in it the ideas I have just expressed to you. I had thought of publishing an article of the kind in Figaro, or one of the reviews, but now I think I shall decide upen keeping it for the last volume of

IN THE THIRTEENTH ROUND.

Harry Overton Vanquishes William Reader at the Ormonde Club.

[Copyright 1800 by James Gordon Bennett. London, August 23 .- [New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—"Something like a genuine glove fight at last," is what London followers of the fistic art are saying just now, and those who witnessed the game battle between William Reader of Fulbam and Harry Overton of Birmingham at the Ormande club last night for \$100 a side have certainly good grounds for saying that a more genuine or determined settlement has seldem been seen. The result has taken the English sporting world entirely by surprise. Harry Overton of Birmingham is twenty-one years of age and stands five feet five inches in beight; it was while engaged at the royal small arms factory at Enfield Lock that he first came into some prominence as a boxer of the second class, and it is doubtful whether his admirers in those days ever expected to see him figure later on in the very foremost rank. He weighs like his opponent, William Reader of Fulham, as nearly as possible twelve stone, the latter, however, being about four years older than Overton, two inches shorter and possessed of greater muscular development

It was about 10:35 p. m. when the men en tered the ring, at which time there was not a vacant seat. Reader was a very warm favorite, indeed, as he has been the acknowledged nine stone champion for the past two years and conquerer amongst others of the renowned Sam Biakelock. In a more quiet way, however, Overton's supporters felt equally certain of success and unhesitatingly-indeed, somewhat eagerly-snapped up all money they could get at the reigning odds, which was only a shade short of two to one at the start and had been very much increased long before the finish. If Overton's friends seized every opportunity, they must have amassed a pretty pile. Round after round was gamely fought, and for eight of the fourteen all the fighting was in the Fulham lad's favor, Overton time and again looking as though his quietus must quickly follow. In the ninth round, however, a change came over the scene; the Birmingham boy fairly staggered Reader with a blow under the jaw, and although Overton was at the time none too strong himself, he found sufficient powers of resource with which to concentrate all his force into a similar terrific enslaught on the same spot in each of the succeeding rounds, until in the thirteenth the climax came—then it was that Reader received the one blow of all from which there was no immediate recovery-he had measured his length on the floor. There was a buzz of surprised excitement, followed by breathless and almost painful silence, as the fata econds flew by and still no signs of ani nation came from prostrate Reader; a ength the necessary ten seconds had elapsed whilst the fallen competitor still lay low The official announcement was duly made the silence gave way to a ringing shout and amidsta scene of wild excitement Harry Overton was hailed winner of one of the gamest contests ever seen.

A SPENDTHRIFT'S WARDROBE Disposing of a Plunger's Belonging

Under the Hammer. [Copyright 1890 by James Gordon Bennett.] ondon, August 23. - Special New York Herald Cable-Special to THE BEE. |-The learly new wardrobe of a gentleman, accordng to catalogue, was sold a few days since by a Bond street dealer. The outfit was once the property of Ernst Benson, the jubilee plunger. This young man, who wasted a greater part of \$250,000 in a couple of years, nad an extensive wardrobe. He had a de plorable weakness for white waistcoats and ossessed thirty-six of them. He ran largely o scarlet and crimson hunting coats, corded breeches and fancy check waistcoats and owned twelve sults of the same kind of riding boots. All his pillow cases were frilled and he could have worn a different coat each day of the month had he cared to do so. He had a sword or cutlass for every day in the week. Some of the things brought extraordinary prices; second hand shirts with a third hand look about them sold for \$36 a dozen. The bare thought of being compelled to wear one made the atmosphere feel most oppressive.

Killed and Ate the Baby. BUCKINGHAM, Que., August 23, -Yesterday Mrs. Cote went away berry picking and left her child in charge of two boys, deaf mules of unsound mind. On returning she found they had killed the baby and partially caten

SATISEACTORY TO WILLIAM.

Germany's Emperor Pleased With the Result of the Imperial Meetings.

ANOTHER EURO PEAN CONGRESS DESIRED.

Certain Overtures Tending in That Direction Favorably Received by the Czar-Austrian Official Circles Distrustful.

Commisht 1880 by the New York Asso elated Press, Bentin, August 23,-Tonight's news from Peterhof conveys the distinct Impression that the imperial meetings held have had a highly satisfactory result to Emperor William. Of ficials of the foreign office here maintain absolute reticence regarding the nature of the German emperor's proposals, but admit that there was immense political significance in the interview.

Advices from various reliable sources all confirm the announcement that Emperor William desires another European congress to be held, with a preliminary cessation of further armaments. Whatever the nature of the inducements offered the ezar, it is certain that he has met the emperor's overtures favorably. Since De Giers' first conference with Chancellor von Caprini communications have been passing between the authorities here and at Vienna with a view of expediting the meeting between Emperors William and Francis Joseph.

Austrian official circles regard the impending change in position with intense distrust, hence the semi-official press of Vienna throw doubt on the probability of holding another European congress and profess incredulity as to the Emperor's presence at Peterhof causing a great political transition. At the same time word comes from Vienna that Emperor William has asked the emperor Austria for a conference within a fortnight preparatory to the projected recep-

tion of the czar in Berlin in October. The Munich Neuste Nachrichten states that the czar and Emperors William and Francis Joseph will meet on Austrian soil before definitely agreeing to the holding of a

After the court banquet tonight the emperor will start for Kronstadt on board the imperial yacht Hohenzellern. His majesty proceeds to Loetzen, where he will witness an attack upon the fortifications there. He will arrive at Potsdam Friday. His new departure as regards his foreign policy, though only vaguely known, has aroused the ire of the old Bismarkian press

The Cologne Gazette assails Chanceller von Caprivi for assisting the kalser in embarking upon an enterprise that will disturb the alliance formed by Bismarck. The Munich Allegemein Zeitung declares

that foreign affairs are taking a gravely disquieting turn, and expresses regret that Bismarck no longer conducts imperial affairs. The Post, in a semi-official article, replies

that Germany can exist without Bismarck and that the government's policy has proved dignified and in every vay calculated to promote a permanent peace.

The meeting of socialists at Dresden which was called to consider how to oppose the threatened general anti-strike union of employers has rejected a proposal to replace the local associations with a universal workingmen's association, controlled by a centralized executive. The same question will come up in the socialist congress at Halle.

The group of Berlin socialists headed by Bruno Wille has engendered the opposition of the chief representatives of parliamentary socialism. Herr Von Grillenberger, speaking at Nuremburg, referred to the Wille association as seeking popularity through the calumniating of men of proven worth, He said that no divergence existed among genuine socialist leaders. The infamous reports aiming at the disruption of the party emanated from a group in Berlin, where among three socialists one could be counted as an agent provocateur. Herr Grillenberger's language plainly suggested that if Herr Wille were not a spy his action tended to assist the government to weaken the party.

Dr. Peters, who is staying at Nuremburg, has received from Councillor Kayser the following telegram: "In the name of the colonial department I greet you after you first rest on the soil of your fatherland with the wish that your extensive experience may be of advantage to the entire German interests in East Africa." The authorities of Berlin will receive Dr. Peters on Monday

court at Leipsic, is about to retire. He is eighty years of age. Emperor William has invited Count Von Moitke to witness the Schleswig manoeuvres.

Herr Simpson, president of the supreme

DID HE SWIM THE CHANNEL?

Considerable Doubt as to the Gen uineness of the Achievement.

[Copyright 1890 by James Gordon Bennett. London, August 23.- New York Herald Cable-Special to THE BEE. -Next to the Asiatic cholera theme, which is exciting the most interest in the London press, is Dal ton and his supposed swim across the chan nel. Some persons take it as personal insult if any doubt is cast upon the genuine ness of the American's achievement, while others side with the writer of the sceptical letter in the Times, which I cabled, declaring Dalton to be a monumental fraud. Auxious to clear himself of suspicion, the swimmer has had the following statements by himself and companions sworn to before a Folkstone justice of the peace:

"I hereby declare that I swam the whole distance from Boulogne breakwater to Hythe on my back. With reference to the letter in the Times, I solemnly declare that it is false statement, and as it is calculated to injure my reputation and do me grievous dam age, I shall take means to proceed against those who are responsible for the slander.

"I had charge of the dingy, which I did not have to use until four or hours after Dalton jumpel from the King, I did not leave dingy until we reached Folkstone, I will swear that Dalton received no assistance from either my boat or the Ocean King. HENRY E. BRAN.

DAVIS DALTON,

Similar affidavits have been made by Boatmen Dann and Young. The man who made notes of the trip tells how the two latter were on the Ocean King and frequently at a considerable distance from the swimmer. Bran's evidence is practically all there is to go on and a good part of the public is not certain whether that evidence is sufficient to establish authentically so surprising a feat as swimming sixty miles in an open sea in less than twenty-four hours.

A Contractor's Heavy Failure. KNOXVILLE, Tenn., August 23.-Repre sentative Jones, a prominent builder and railroad contractor, assigned today. Liabilities, \$100,000; assets, \$80,000.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. He Touches Lightly on the New York Central Strike.

(Copyright 1890 by James Gordon Bennett.

Paris, August 23 .- New York Herald Cable-Special to THE BEE.]-At 8 o'clock this evening a railway omnibus of the roomest kind, loaded inside and out, drew up at Hotel D'Albe. It contained Chasneey M. Depew and his impedimenta. To a correspondent who was admitted after Depew dined, our Chauncey, spreading a copy of the Paris Herald out upon a table before him, said: "We have got to read the Herald for the news of the world. We just returned from Hamburg, stepping on the way at Cologue, and I den't know that there is any difference betrige: Cologno and Central Africa, so far as news of the world is concerned. If it were not for the Herald in Paris and London, an American in Europe would be the most hopelessly strauded man in the universe. Stanley, cutting through the virgin forest for four mouths and then getting his news from the chief of the pignies, would not be a circumstance to it. "And the New York Central strike, Mr.

Depew!" "Notifications I have received from the office are to the effect that the situation is not sufficiently serious to demand my personal attention and that under no circumstances am I to break my vacation. Had I anticipated the rupture I would not have taken my vacation, but now that it has occurred during my absence I will not return on account of it. I have known my associates in management so long I have absolute confidence in their discretion, wisdom and Justice."

"With respect to your having been asked by the men to mediate, Mr. Depew !"

"I have received no message of any kind All the information I have received from America has come from the Central office When the strike broke out I was rushing through Tyrel, traveling by night and sight-seeing by day quite surpassing the astenishing movement of Mr. Phineas Fogg, who did all the picture galleries of Europe by devoting twenty minutes to each." Having thus quitted the track on which

had tried to keep him by many questions, Mr

Depew glided on smoothly as follows: "This last expedition of mine was for health and religion. I got health at Tyrol and at Hamburg, and spiritual inspiration of a more in vigorating sort at Oberamwergan. No pagas or atheist or matter of fact person should go there, but no man or woman of whatever creed, who as a child at his or her mother's knee has wept over the story of Christ's passion, can be otherwise than both profoundly impressed and new light on the divinity of humanity to which we owe our present civilization in this world of salvation or in the next. I have seen all the great actors of all countries during the last twenty-five years, and each of them has moments in which the personality of the actor subordinates the character and temporarily spoils the play, but in the presentation of the scriptural characters at Oberammergau this fault never occurred. Christ, Judas and Pilate have no equals, and have had none. If the passion play were represented at the London Lyceum or at any great New York theater, it would be sacriligious beyond toleration, but in that secluded Bavarian village the vast audience is transported to the beginning of the Christian era and swayed by the same emotions as i they had been witnesses of the infinite lov frightful sacrifice, resurrection and transfiguration which constitute the hope and giory of Christian faith. Indeed I have never been so much impressed in my life. After Oberammergau, by traveling by night and catching on odd trains by day, living as General Pope once said, "in the saddle," I saw the tomb o Juliet at Verona, looked at the balcony in the house of Capulet and from its height judged that Romeo must have been a gymnast who would have taken all the honors of a modern collegiate course; sailed through the grand canal of Venice and listened to a serenade; waved a pathetic fare well to the dark-eyed maids who teaned over the balconies; did Milan in three hours without breakfast; solved the mysteries of St Gothard tunnel from a railway standpoint of

to absorb all the entertainments which had been prepared at Hemburg. "I had the pleasure of lunching and dining with the Prince of Wales and rediscovering his partiality for America, admiring his wonderful tact and astuteness, forces which go to govern the history of various countries. and seeing how strong a support he is to royalty and its perpetuity in the British empire. There is no shade of opinion of Great Britain which is not welcome to his table and which does not enjoy and appreciate being his guest. Certainly no stranger contrast could be presented than that be tween the most brilliant lawyer of the Eng lish bar and the ablest Irish home rule: Sir Charles Russell, and the most ag gressive, courageous and irritating orangema-Colonel Sanderson. One of the happiest reminiscences of my present trip will be that of having met three members of my own profession-so eminent and yet of so diverse influence and acquirements—as Justic Bowen, Sir Charles Russell and Dr. George Lewis. The pest place on earth to see the world's panorama, the old world, and study political and social influences which govern t, is Holbourg."

experience, and landed at Hamburg after

ten days of day and night traveling as

fresh as the conventional daisy, and as ready

Mr. Depew sails for home by the Tentonic in September.

ASIATIC CHOLERA BUGAROO. Newspapers Attempt to Create Excitement Over the Matter.

[Copyright 1890 by James Gordon Bennett.]

LONDON, August 23.- | New York Herald Cable-Special to THE BEE |- Certain excitable evening papers are making desperate attempts to stir up excitement in London on the subject of Asiatic cholera, their evident motive being to boom their circulation during the dull season. Several of these sensational organs published a statement tonight that a second victim of the terrible disease had been received at the Popular hospital. This patient was stated to be a certain Ellen White, who had nursed the first Asiatic cholera victim, Robert Tiegh, concerning whom I wired fully two days ago. On read ing this startling statement I at once hastened to the hospital for more ac curate information. Dr. Corner, the house surgeon, who received me, spoke as follows: "It is true that we have a bad case of cholera here, and what is more, one which terminated fatally, but 1 would not take the responsibility of pronouncing it of the Asiatic variety, nor was the victim one of our nurses, as has been reported, but a little girl only five years old, who was admitted yesterday morning early, and died a few hours later. She was in a state of complete collapse when received and was already beyond hope. The story that she had contracted the disease from Sailor Tiegh is utterly false, and, in my opinion, she did not

die of Asiatic cholera, but ordinary choleratic diarrhea."

"And how is the man Tiegh doing?" "I think he is now in a fair way to cry; such excellent sanitary measures neen taken that I doubt very much his ing communicated Asiatic cholera to any in London; still, it is too soon to speak ! tively on that point, as the period of incuba-

tion has hardly yet passed." 4 One good result of the cholera scare may be to cause England's sanitary authorities to open their eyes to many existing conditions which could not but favor the spread of pestilence. The Globe tonight, speaking editorially, says: "Londoners pride themselves with good reason on being the inhabitants of a city! which for its size has no sanitary condition equal in the world." That is true, and the British metropolis has shown a far lower death rate than any other capital in Christendom. Still there is abundant evidence to prove that some districts are swept and garnished for the recention of king cholera, who can pass through any overcrowded locality without becoming unpleasantly aware that he is among highly unsanitary surroundings, and if he enters the louses he will soon learn through his organs of sight and smell that defective drainage, unemptied dust bins, untrapped closets and other abominations contribute to poison the

Nor is London alone in having need to set her house in order before the arrival of the dread eastern pestilence. There are other great English cities which have still more eccasion to be up and doing; wealthy Manchester is one of the foremost sinners against the laws of sanitation. Official reports prove that there are pest centres in Cottonopolis which reflect disgrace on the authorities. The present health officer of that city affirms that the heavy death rate in certain notorious districts is solely due to the sanitary condition under which the inhabitants carry on their struggle for existence. The air is poisoned, the soil is impregnated with germs of deadly disease, houses are fifth sodden and scaudalously dilapidated and while terribly overcrowded their ventilation is entirely neglected.

IT WAS NOT A CYCLONE.

A Distinguished Astronomer Corrects a Popular Mistake.

[Copyright 1870 by James Gordon Rennett.] PARIS, August 23.—[New York Herald Cable -- Special to Time Bun.]-The European edition published this morning the following etter from a distinguished astronomer to the editor of the Herald: "Most of the daily papers have made a mistake in thinking and stating that the late devastating storm at Dreux was a evelone. It is not so; it was not a cyclone but an energetic storm of a most formidable nature. It broke simultaneously at Dreux and Alsace in July and at Madrid. The nature of this disastrous outbreak of elements made a violent cruption or discharge of atmospheric electricity, a result of the very irregular and troubled season through which we have just passed, and which has formed one of the most extraordinary summers of this century, so great have been our contrasts of temperature and contractions of meisture. On the night of the storm, from 9 till midnight, myself and three other observers were witnesses from this observatory, from a distance, of this fearful terrific electric phenomena. It was a series of electric flashes having the aspect and glare of a conflagration, the light being a bright red. This sinister looking burning solor raised itself filteen degrees above the horizon in the west and was traversed by incessant lightning flashes; nevertheless not a sound was heard and weasked ourselves what was happening. There was not a breath of wind where we were, Not two seconds passed without those lightning flashes. Newspapers assert that a phenomena of this kind has never occurred before in Normandy. There again they are in error completely. In this same month of August, 1845, a phenomena almost similar in every respect occurred, leaving just as terrible souvenirs, at Marseilles, at Malannet and Claires. The electricity played so strong a part that the insurance companies refused at first to pay damages, ing that it was a thunderbolt It was not a cyclone, because a cyclone is a barometeric depression over a vast era often as much as 50 kelometres in diameter. There were no such barometerical depressions in this instance, it was an eruption of the atmosphere, saturated with electricity.

CAMILLE FLAMMASCION

Observatoire, August 23, 1890." PRINCE VICTOR DHULEP SINGP. He Unburdens Himself to a London

Reporter.

[Copyright 1890 by James Gordon Bennett.] PARIS, August 23.—[New York Herald Cable-Special to The Ber.]-"His highness is ill and has been peremptorily forbidden by doctors to receive visitors," was the reply sent down by Prince Victor Dhulep Singp to a Herald reporter who called at the hotel D'Albe to talk with Dhulep Singp Maharajah of Lapore on his pardon by Queen Victoria, and some kindly physician had apparently warned Prince Victor against the danger of receiving journalists, for it was only after much parleying that I gained access to his room. "I thought you wanted to interview my father, don't you know," said Prince Victor, "and he's ill and has been forbidden to talk much. He can't see you, you know. We hoped to able to move him on Tuesday. We shall cross to Folkestone and stay right there, and Claridges will most probably find us in London. I can't tell you anything more; I don't know anything more; I don't know anything about family affairs: I am an Englishman and don't want to have anything to do with Indian affairs, but if you'll go to General Tevis he will tell you everything you want to know; he's conducted all my father's business; if you tell him I sent you he'll tell you all be can about the documents, you know," concluded this godson of her gracious

majesty. General Tevis also refused to talk. As, lowever, there are sources of information which even an Indian prince is not able to dam, the reporter learned from an entirely reliable authority that Dhulep Slagp wrote a month ago a letter to Queen Victoria expressing contrition for his past conduct and praying for pardon; that her majesty's pardon arrived just one week later, and that there has so far been no mention by either the queen or prince of the restitution of the maharajah's pension.

ThelWeather Forecast. For Omana and Vicinity-Showers, fol-

owed by fair; warmer. For Nebraska-Fair in western, local

showers in eastern portions; variable winds; cooler in western, warmer in eastern portion. For Iowa-Local showers; slightly warmer; outherly winds.
For South Dakota—Generally fair; sta-

donary temperature, except in central por-Portuguese Shoot at the British. CAPE Town, August 23.—Advices have been received here to the effect that the Portuguese have repeatedly fired upon the

AN ATROCIOUS CHILD MURDER

NUMBER 67.

Two Abandoned Wretches Charged With Brutality Almost Inconceivable.

THEY NARROWLY ESCAPE LYNCHING.

Another Interesting Programme Care ried Out at the Blue Grass Palace -A New Census to be Taken at Fort Dodge,

DES MOUNES, Ia., August 23. - [Special Telegram to THE BEE. |-A prutal and blood curdling murder was perpetrated in a dirty. dilapidated hover situated in an alicy at 212 East Court avenue near the hour of midnight last night. The victim was a pretty little baby about three months old, the illegitimate child of Bob Penestone, alias Bob Smith, and a woman who gives her name as Mrs. Rose. It was these inhuman parents who murdered their child. They were arrested and are in fall.

A terrible scene presented itself to the officers was made the arrest this morning. As they entered the house they were confronted by a flithy, neglected, miserably furnished room filled with foul air and nauseous fumes of bad liquor and tobacco smoke. The man and woman were stretched at full length across the dirty floor, both intoxicated. Near by, the dirty floor, both intoxicated. Near by, on the floor, was their innocent victim, feebly struggling in the last agonies of death. Its mutilated face was bloody and torn, a ghastly cut being visible on its left cheek, while on its forehead was a blue, bruised spot, where it had been struck. A young lad told how he had seen the drunken father pick the baby up by its feet, whirl it around in the air several times, and strike its head on the floor. The effect of the boy's story upon the crowd that had gathered was such that the flend incarnate would undoubtedly have been strung up to the nearest lamp post, but for the protection of the police.

Missouri Valley Notes.

Missouri Valley, Ia., August 23. - Special to THE BEE. |-The republican county convention has been called for September 10. Although there are a considerable number of aspirants for each office, the indications are

that the convention will be a quiet one.

The ladies of the Eastern Star of this city have completed arrangements for a grand picnic at Noble's lake next Thursday. The M. P.'s of this and adjoining states will hold their annual meeting here August 30. Elaborate arrangements have been made for the accommodation of visitors. Colonel Dailey and Judge Aylesworth of Council

Bluffs are on the programme for addresses, besides several local speakers. A large attendance is anticipated.

A shower last night and the rains of today

have been a splendid tiding for corops in this locality. Corn and potatoes needed it badly. At the Blue Grass Palace. CRESTON, Ia., August 23.-[Special Telegram to The Bee. |- Excursion trains from Clarke and Adams counties filled the city

with visitors again today. Tomorrowin raing the big excursion from the Corn Palace city will arrive and remain until Monday. They are reported as having the most finely decorated train which will visit Blue Grass city during the the exposition. Sunday's service at the palace will be conducted by Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, a

noted divine of Chicago.

The features of today's exposition was a special race between some of the finest horses in the big western circuit, Thalberg (2:23) being a prime favorite. Summary: Thalberg, b. g., C. Bates, Decorah, Ia.1 1 1 Nellie Barrett, b. m., M. Barrett, Dun-

An Anti-Flick Delegation. Cornero, Ia., August 23.—[Special Telegram to The Bee.]—At the republican county convention held here today seven delegates were selected to go to Chariton who are opposed to the nomination of James P. Flick for congress. His friends introduced a resolution to instruct the delogates for him, but it was tabled by at least a three-fourths majority.

Wants Another Count.

FORT DODGE, In., August 23.- [Special Telegram to THE BEE,]-The city council at the request of the Business Men's association has ordered a census recount at the city's expense, and the new census will be taken in connection with the school census next week, The figures of the official count fall below the estimated population of the city by about one thousand and the citizens refuse to accept the result as authentic.

BURNED TO A CRISP. A Six-Year-Old Stanley Girl Meets a Shocking Death.

KEARNEY, Neb., August 23 .- [Special Telegram to The Bee. | -A six-year-old girl of Frank Petit, living near Stanley, was horribly burned last night and she died this morning. She and an elder sister were lighting wisps of hav in the absence of their ents, when her dress caught on fire, The frightened child ran out, the flame a consuming her clothing and burning her fiesh to a crisp.

Will Marry the Man Who Shot Her, Louisville, Ky., August 23.—Pete Mc-Crary, who is the curator of a local cemetery, shot Annie Staken, the girl whom he loved, about six weeks ago. He was engaged to her, but she was trying to jilt him, The shooting was quite tragic. McCrary called on the girl, and, after a short interview, in which he upbraided her for keeping company with another young man, shot her through the head. He then shot himself twice. Her death seemed inevitable and McCrary was placed under guard.
After lingering near death ten days Miss Staken rallied and is now well.

McCrary was taken to Miss Staken's bedside and the two were married. Miss Staken became infatuated with McCrary after he shot her, and was very proud of the posses-sion of such a violent love as his, and the marriage took place at her request. The marriage will prevent her testifying against McCrary.

Preparing for the Convention. Superior, Neb., August 23.-[Special Telegram to THE BEE. 1-The democrats of Superior are making extensive preparations for the entertainment of the delegates to the democratic congressional convention, which meets in this city next Tuesday. They have engaged the opera house and employed the Webber cornet band to supply the music for webber cornet dand to supply the music for the occasion. They expect a large delegation of the unterrified and propose making the convention their first gun in their campaign in the valley. They expect James E. Boyd, their candidate for governor, and other dis-tinguished democratic statesmen from Omaha and elsewhere to be present and ad-

At New York-The Labourgone, from

Havre: the Umbria, from London, At Bremerhaven-The Fulda, from New York; the Lizard passed La Champagne, from ew York for Havre. At Queenstown—The British Princess

The Vote on the Tariff Bill. Washington, August 23.—Senator Gorman, chairman of the democratic caucus, says no agreement has been reached respecting the date when the vote shall be taken on the British expedition while it was proceeding along the British side of the Zambesi river.